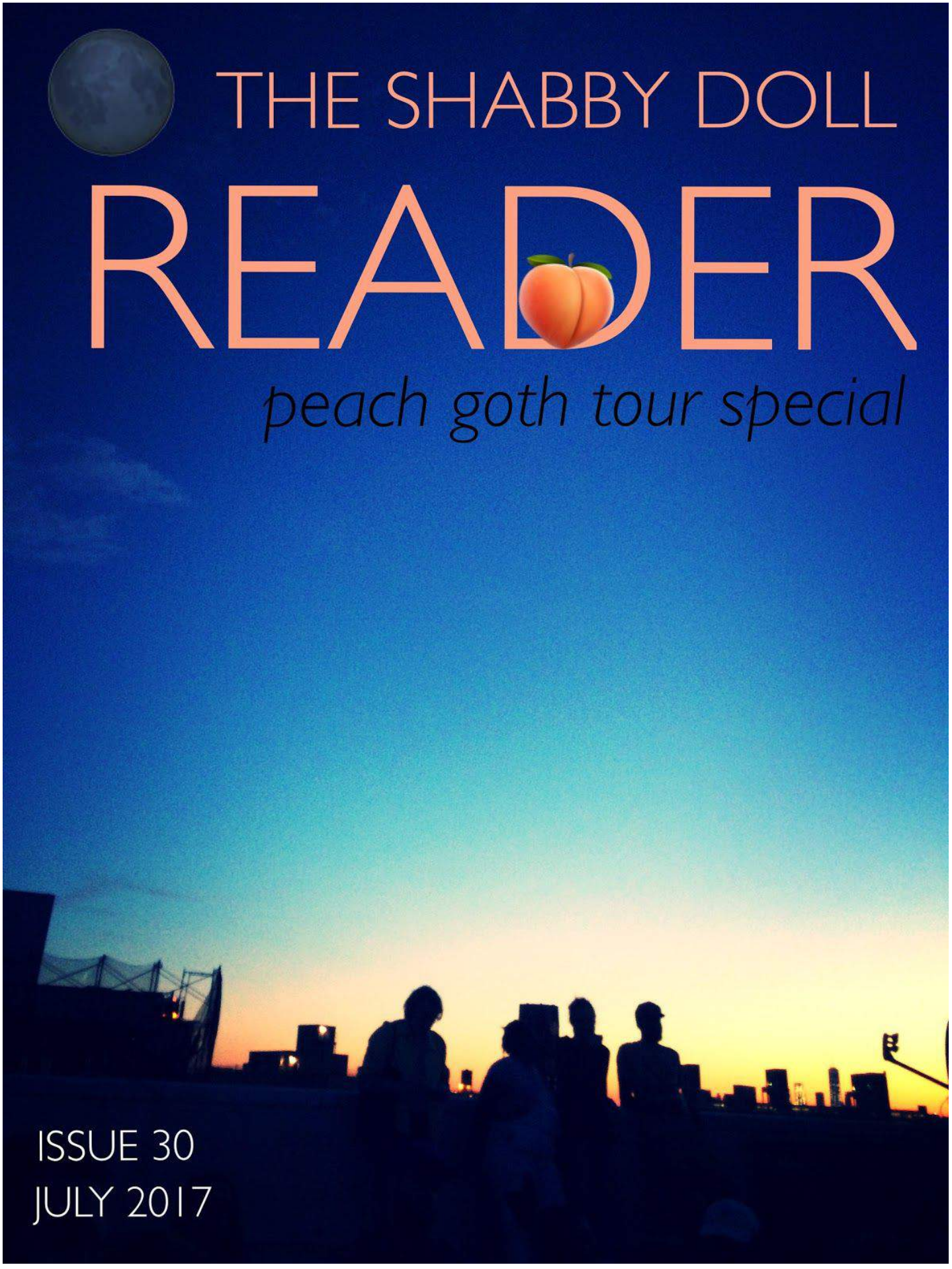

THE SHABBY DOLL
READER
peach goth tour special
ISSUE 30
JULY 2017

THE READER

A MONTHLY ELECTRONIC ZINE BY
SHABBY DOLL HOUSE
JULY 2017

ISSUE 30

Edited by Lucy K Shaw
First Edition
July, 2017

This is just for you and your personal use.
Please do not make this ebook publicly available.
But please do encourage your friends to subscribe!

If you have the facility to read this using iBooks, we recommend doing so!

shabbydollhouse.com
+
shabbydollhouse.tumblr.com
twitter.com/shabbydollhouse
facebook.com/shabbydoll
instagram.com/_shabbydollhouse_

Welcome to Issue 30!

Featuring Caroline Rayner & her inflatable clown fish, Mrs Tortoise

CONTENTS

DEAR DOLL READER,

PEACH GOTH

TOUR DIARY

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

NORTHAMPTON

MONTREAL

TORONTO

BUFFALO

& Win a copy of

The Bushwick Review

<3

DEAR DOLL READER,

Hi everyone,

Apologies for the delayed issue!

I wanted to try something different this month and I'm excited to see if it works.

A few days ago, I finished doing a reading tour with Peach Magazine editors, Rachelle Toarmino and Matthew Bookin, as well as Oscar d'Artois. And a whole bunch of other writers who joined us for one or more events. Most notably from the text, Caroline Rayner and Theo Thimo.

And this whole issue is a diary of our time *on the road.* ;)

I hope you enjoy reading!

The Reader will be back with a more regular issue in August. Having met and talked with so many different people over the last week, I'm looking forward to featuring new writers and artists I'm just learning about.

But for now, here is our huge and collaborative diary...

Thank you so much for reading.

<3 Love,
Lucy

PEACH GOTH TOUR DIARY 2017

FEATURING:

RACHELLE TOARMINO MATTHEW BOOKIN
LUCY K SHAW OSCAR D'ARTOIS

+ *SPECIAL GUEST READERS:*

SARAH JEAN ALEXANDER, SARAH JEAN GRIMM, CAROLINE RAYNER, THEO THIMO, KRISTEN FELICETTI, LIZ BOWEN, JONATHAN APREA, JIM WALLS, ASH STRANGE, PETER BD, LINDSEY WEBB, GION DAVIS, CASON SHARPE, ASHLEY OPHEIM, A. ZACHARY, SENNAH YEE, LEAH CLANCY, & RE KATZ

BROOKLYN
BROOKLYN 2
PHILADELPHIA
NORTHAMPTON
MONTREAL
TORONTO
BUFFALO

JUNE 24th - JULY 4th
2017

DAY 1

RACHELLE: Bookin tells me to “just be yourself” which is pretty terrifying and unhelpful advice to give someone who errs on the side of self-loathing

I forgot my passport and do a U-turn on the 90

I’m inventing family emergencies in my head in case a cop pulls us over, and I’m in near-tears over one of them before remembering none of it is true

The woman who works the toll booth yells at me over the U-turn

I drive away telling Bookin how unjust it feels to be yelled at when she has no idea what is going on at home

Is it too late for a pen name?

While driving we realize that all my Kanye tracks have been duplicated, so as soon as one song ends it begins again

The transitions have lost their meaning, I think, and wonder if it’ll be some kind of omen for the tour

Listening to the Otherppl podcast ft. Kool AD in which he lists runners-up of his band’s name

My favorite is “Best Weed on Campus” lol

First bagel on tour

Rediscovering *Tha Carter III* for the third summer in a row

Can’t believe we don’t eat dried mango more often

Just passed an exit for “Moscow” ha ha wow nothing has been the same since the election

Listening to “Stay” by Ne-Yo and thinking about Zadie Smith’s line in *Swing Time* about “leaving and being left” and how I guess writing is a kind of trying to make things stay

Sped up to pass an exit for “Mt. Hope” in New Jersey ha ha oh no

Just want someone to tell me that I have good taste in colors for once in my damn life

BROOKLYN:
KRISTEN'S ROOF, BUSHWICK

LUCY: I wanted the first reading to be a party. I wanted to feel like it was 2013 again.

MATTHEW: We go into a Bodega and the woman at the cash register offers us free vodka. Then we go into a bar and the bartender offers us free vodka. I pretend to drink the free cocktails both times, but secretly dispose of them.

We take an elevator up to the rooftop and we're greeted by Kristen. She's beaming, holding a giant pizza. The day is trying to end along the edges of her rooftop and the whole scene feels like a highschool reunion you'd actually be happy to attend.

Nobody knows how to pronounce Rachelle's name. They oscillate between "Rachel" and "Ray-Shell" and I think she handles it quite deftly. Sometimes, it makes her crack her knuckles. But, for the most part she's very calm about the whole thing.

CAROLINE RAYNER: hearing rachelle read "you up?" felt like hearing sleater-kinney play "modern girl." i've always felt so excited and emotional about that poem, and i think everyone else has felt the same way, and to hear it out loud, in real life, and to feel it with everyone on the roof while the sun went down was just completely magical.

SARAH JEAN ALEXANDER: When Rachelle was reading her hit poem 'You up?' She said 'Yo, you up?' instead once and it seemed improvised and casual and cool.

MATTHEW: When Rachelle starts to read "You Up?" people literally call out from the crowd like their favorite pop song has come on the radio. It happens a few times throughout the tour and never fails to make me smile like an idiot.

I break my personal rule of never reading a brand new story before it's published and regret it for the rest of the night. I never return to the new story throughout the rest of the tour and consider scrapping it entirely.

LUCY: Kristen's readings are always so funny. She is so good at controlling a crowd.

MATTHEW: The best moment of the evening happens at the very end, when Sarah Jean Alexander reads. The sun has finally set, so people activate the flashlights on their phones and drape her in shadows and blinding light as she presents her poems. In pictures, it looks like she's caught in a gauntlet of paparazzi. If you were there, it was like magic.

THEO: I almost read the good ones at the roof but I was too high on ketamine and lost interest fairly noticeably

I remember I started the reading asking why people were laughing at me, someone later informed me that a small group was only laughing at a man who sat in a humorous fashion and my delusional reaction self-fulfilled the laughter that initially made me self conscious

damn a small group of us did quite a bit of gossiping that sat night. generally I'd think that's fucked but it felt mostly nonjudgmental (except for one person who was only peripherally associated with us and everyone seemed reasonably to dislike) but I was high so maybe our convo could have stretched custom social etiquette at times,

in fact it was funny, during the more intimate detail stuff maybe 2-3 ppl decided it was time to enter our group and seemingly out of good conscience genuinely tried changing topics numerous times

I never get to talk to all the ppl I want to at these things, I need to get better at getting away from the ppl who just talk at me for seemingly forever

Felt nice hearing spencer laugh loudly during my stories bc for whatever reason his opinion of my writing holds some merit to me still

I like to think he felt competitive over my close friendship with zachary wood

DAY 2

BERL'S BROOKLYN POETRY SHOP, DUMBO

MATTHEW: The second reading is at Berl's and it's my favorite of the tour. I think it's because it's the most traditional reading of all the tour stops. I am savagely revealed to be a traditionalist.

LUCY: Theo shows up in a crop top and everyone seems impressed. He is becoming an iconic member of the tour already.

Berl's is an amazing bookstore with the biggest collection of chapbooks I've ever seen in my life. Jared, who runs the store, is so sweet and accommodating. We all love him immediately.

I was the host of last night's reading so tonight is the first time I'll read from my new thing, which is an ebook called 'HOW TO BE A PERFECT BRIDE.' I'm scared that it's insane and that this is how I'm going to find out.

RACHELLE: Liz reading poems in a leopard dress have mercy

LIZ BOWEN: i love how Rachelle's writing/reading style attains and demands seriousness without self-seriousness. And the line "Is it a corpse that or a corpse who?" is now embedded in my consciousness.

Lucy's reading brought me to the floor and cemented an odd realization I'd been having that weekend, which is that I'm really into complex feelings about marriage, lol. I love the way she owns both her normativity and her deep-seated resistance to it, without it coming off as self-deprecating or performative. It's a raw and risky balance I think many of us have trouble finding, but it seems so natural to her.

LUCY: I nearly cried during my reading, which I wasn't expecting. I just about managed to hold it together though. It took me like an hour to come down from it afterwards.

LIZ: Matthew's bit about child actors making themselves cry was SO GOOD. I want it on my wall.

I hadn't seen Jonathan read in way too long. I really appreciate the care with which he handles each word, and the gentleness of his lines. Listening to him read feels like floating in protected water.

MATTHEW: I feel very moved by Jonathan Aprea's reading. It reminds me of something Allen Ginsberg said trying to describe an early Bob Dylan performance. He said that "Dylan became a column of air." Jonathan is a very "transforms into a column of air" type of reader.

LIZ BOWEN: This new stuff of Oscar's blows my mind. The absurdity of its confessional mode is so fine-tuned, slipping out of irony into vulnerability and back like it's nothing. I can't wait to read the whole thing.

LUCY: Me and Oscar are both reading from new books which are insane. I'm relieved that people seem to like them both. And happy that we're both insane.

RACHELLE: Sometimes at readings there's a person in the room whose gaze you keep meeting while you look away from the reader to think about stuff and for me at Berl's it's Kristen

KRISTEN FELICETTI: At Berl's Poetry Shop, Lucy read from her upcoming micro-chapbook How To Be A Perfect Bride, and thank god, because I pre-ordered it but it doesn't come out until August 23, and I am not good at waiting to read things I really want to read. Like many others who were there, I felt very emotionally affected by her reading. I don't really have anything else to say that wouldn't sound trite in comparison to the depth of feeling in her piece, but just read it when it comes out, or even better, if you have the chance, hear her read it out loud.

LUCY: I made my brother-in-law sob. I didn't mean to!

PHILADELPHIA,
BERK'S WAREHOUSE, FISHTOWN

OSCAR: Bookin last night said, 'on to Philly..!' in a quiet, distant voice as soon as we emerged from the reading at Berl's. I read from the essay that I built this new book, RAMEN, that I've been working on around, in public for the first time. I felt nervous people close to me would be 'mad' at me about it (they weren't) and then insane/fragile for a while afterwards.

We went to a bar and hung out with old friends. A few said we should re-stage the sexy photoshoot new book is based around, for some reason.

Theo said he couldn't come to the bar because he had to run some 'errands' ('not drugs,' he specified, 'i need to get my computer').

DAY 3

THEO THIMO: blissfully awoke, got coffee outside Rachelle and Matthew's place till they awoke and talked religion and twin peaks around miscellaneous brooklyn neighborhood

We have to get oscar ice coffee, typical, while we endearingly shittalk literary colleagues

wonder what LK, Oscar, Rach, Matt are doing after this, maybe want to join but rather not out of respect for personal space and need to work on Funhouse piece

interested in not being super fucked up for this reading tonight, would like to read the new pieces I am proud about

how am i going to come up with $2,000 in 4 months when I don't even think I'm capable of anything in general, really?

MATTHEW: I'm slightly shaken, but mostly excited, in my realization that Theo is the patron saint of the Peach Goth Tour.

OSCAR: We are in the car now leaving new york. It feels like the tour has just truly begun.

said something vague about cypress hill, the rapper, while driving past a sign for the neighborhood. lucy said 'it's a band'

felt a mixture of elation and melancholy as we got onto the highway, pulling out of collapsing factory building landscape as the birds did their little brooklyn bird dance in the sky.

new york city, what a blur

In the car, theo talks about how he hates it when the back windows of cars don't go all the way down, because although it's ostensibly to keep kids from climbing out, the only real effect they have is to make it uncomfortable to hang your elbow out the window. I feel myself agreeing strongly & nod vigorously to demonstrate this.

RACHELLE: The wifi at the Philly Airbnb is "panda wifi" and each step on the spiral staircase has an identical mat featuring a black bear with the text, "sweet and great / give yourself a reliable friend" lol

So glad none of my tourmates are the "[city], I'm in you" kind

MATTHEW: We set up shop in a cafe once we arrive in Philadelphia. Theo talks at a rapid clip, buys weed, grinds the weed, rolls a joint, goes into the bathroom to change into a shirt that has a giant nug of weed on it. Later, we notice he's disappeared from the table and we turn towards the window to find him sitting on a mailbox outside the cafe.

THEO THIMO: Amy arrives to the coffee shop and gives me weed and i change into my weed shirt in the bathroom before going out to smoke to negligible amusement from others

Trying very hard not to keep talking about myself but seems so unfair, since i usually never have anything to say about myself - i've been accepted to a workshop, it makes me feel like a poet!

i hope amy doesn't think i brought her here just to give me her roommates weed, maybe she was giving me faces, but it's hard to tell w her, she's usually just facially expressive of her thoughts, she's probably just nervous i dont think shes met everyone here, potentially

I wonder who will arrive to the reading. I wish, wish, wish Adrian would come, i basically agreed to do this in hopes they'd be excited to see me, only like philly bc of them, but they probably won't come and, I am so over caring about what other people do in regards to me, it's so obsessive and weird, we've only gone out twice, albeit once on valentine's day.

Maybe El and June will come! they just got into town yesterday but maybe they're tired or uninterested, which is fair I suppose, but their attendance would reaffirm a hopeful friendship.

feel off puttingly sincere in all of this, and should probably alter the names for many reasons, though I feel I've only said both positive and truthful things.

LUCY: After we've been in the cafe for maybe an hour, Theo exclaims, 'I LOVE PHILADELPHIA.'

THEO: My levels of confidence are entirely non distinguishable to me at the moment, though benzos are working to help me not start desperately needing affirmation from anyone I talk to

on fb messenger i shittalk (again: endearingly, trying to think of a better word for this) with ben over a mutual (i was concerned ben didn't like me for 30 mins prior to this convo but now I feel okay)

encouraged amy to apply for the workshop I got into so we could potentially split a room together, having trouble working on my story, but do other somewhat productive things, using laptops in philly coffee shops feels like something amy and I invented, I feel.

Amy just sincerely told me she felt happy for me receiving the workshop I most likely won't be able to afford to attend

Eric is picking up peter and we're all regrouping tentatively at a bbq place that hopefully doesn't suck

Numerable ppl express surprise that Eric lives in philly now (i was aware) and someone asks if he's sober (he is), and I express excitement in seeing him

MATTHEW: We go to a BBQ spot and I, being the only non-vegetarian on tour, eat a little bit of brisket that I feel incredibly self-conscious about. The brisket haunts me for the rest of the tour.

THEO: I'm freaking astute, I may be successfully, with notable help from amy of course, coordinating a social group activity in full confidence which seems absolutely personal breakthrough like.

waiting around, i ask the waiter if i can smoke on the patio
yea its cool, wait that's a cigarette right?
i'll just smoke it outside sir
he approaches me
if ur just chill about it it's cool
ok cool
his manager comes out not a minute later,
you need to smoke that outside,
yes maam

Eric never made it to the bbq spot, we had some food and i may have already taken the other benzo, unsure if i should take another or wait till the performance to take my last 2

RACHELLE: By the end of this tour I will have mastered the vowels in Theo's username

@theoooeooo

THEO: We make it to the reading and our group of >6 got lost up 3 flights of stairs but wow this venue is beautiful

MATTHEW: We wander around the cavernous expanse of a Fishtown warehouse looking for the reading, only to realize it was the very first door after entering the building.

THEO: I don't really do anything for 5 mins till ash shows up then roll a spliff and immediately ask him if he wants to smoke this outside w me

he agrees, and I just asked without feeling nervous or anything, it reminds me of who I used to be last year when it just seemed like I did the things i wanted to do and cared less about so much, and ppl see that as honesty, though it's not, but they trust you and like you bc of it, it's so weird and scary and not right--things can be so much harder for people than we know.

we walk out and feel excited in talking to a new friend and say, "and rly i just wanna talk with u" and he smiles and we sit and I ask him a series of biographical questions before apologizing at how unbearable I am to be around in general

Adrian shows up right behind us and i turn around and turn into a nervous idiot for the rest of the night, all I wanted to do was kiss them immediately, but I couldn't or maybe shouldn't have, and to be alone with them, but I never did, but I feel all kind of fine about it

RACHELLE: Audibly gulped during an mbookin story

Felt pressured to follow someone back

Titling my full-length collection *Bad Boy*

MATTHEW: Our reading is cut in half by the piercing song of an ice cream truck. At first it seems quaint, but eventually everyone begins to wonder why an ice cream truck is screaming its siren song outside of a warehouse at 8 o'clock at night.

OSCAR: Felt very focused and attentive during Jim Walls' story. Love the disarming way he handles sex and complicated emotions in his stories. Seems #rare.

LUCY: Peter BD does a dramatic reading of the lyrics to Oops I Did It Again and everyone is in awe.

After Theo's reading, which is much more successful than his performance on the rooftop in

Brooklyn, someone turns to me and asks... 'Was that original material?' I nod and they tell me, in a surprised tone, 'That was really good.' I agree.

THEO: After the reading it was so embarrassing, first person I went to was Adrian and I begged them to compliment me basically, and they said they felt pressured by it, I understood even at the time

Eric is noticeably high on downers, and I sit next to him and hold him and we say i love you to each other

I forget a lot of the reading it makes me want to switch to oxies instead of benzos or something

i feel bad, taking drugs has impeded the fun I could be having with my friends right now to a slight degree possibly, though we all do seem to be having fun

a lot of talking with el, lily i think, ash who I really start to like, not a lot of talking with Adrian, just yesterday I was going to sleep on a park bench to go on a date with them and now I'm too worried of interrupting a conversation just to say hi

Adrian left quickly and i rly wanted to ask about kissing them but that would have killed any remnants of a relationship we have left, but i don't know, seems whatever, glad i got to see them

MATTHEW: We drive to a bar. Peter and I unsuccessfully try to run through the "Fresh Prince of Bel Air" theme song several times.

THEO: the guy who ran the reading, sebastian, wanted everyone to go across the entire city to a west philly bar, why? probably he did not want any of us to come i can only assume

but i love dahlak and want to go, it was one of the first bars i'd been to in philly, where my significant other at the time talked to me about musical theory and seemed to feel very happy and loved in that moment, and I was unsure why but loved that she felt that way at the time

amy doesn't want to go so i ask Eric that if he's letting peter stay with him, if i can tag along, and i discover Eric bought peter a hotel room without peter's prior knowledge and to current negligence

"perfect!" i say

We are squeezed 5 ppl into an uber to go to bar and I'm sure we shared pleasantries but I can't remember, i'm sure I said something about how nice it is to be somewhere else

RACHELLE: Got into the Lyft with four backseat passengers (Theo across everyone's laps) and talked the driver into using his aux cord

THEO: someone at the bar gives me free weed and I fall backwards off my chair in an extremely dramatic fashion and someone asks if I'm ok and all I can say is "No, call an ambulance"

I think it was rachelle who gives me back my weed and benzos and other various items that fell out my bag

a barback got in my face kind of and whispered that he wanted my kush and i said what? and he's like "give me that kush" and i laugh and say "I would but I don't have that much"

RACHELLE: So far the conversation with this man at the bar has gone like this: "These are the places that I, this man at the bar, have been published"

Left my toothbrush in Brooklyn lol fuck

THEO: I guess at some point we got into an uber when others were leaving, genuine halfhearted plans for the morning if possible, check in to our 4 star hotel around 2am and wander around rittenhouse for hours with peter after I can't figure out how to use google maps bc benzos then my phone dies and i keep mentioning to a mostly silent peter, other than the singing he does underneath his breath, how much I love philadelphia, how it's architecture looks, how comfortable I feel here

when we finally get back to the hotel, we watch southpark, I tried prying open a window to the roof with a broken key as peter watches to no avail on my part, I smoke a spliff in the shower and fall asleep in my bathrobe

DAY 4:

THEO: me and peter get lost on the way to the chinatown bus, but it doesn't matter bc it took an extra 45 minutes to depart, oh and then I remembered I actually had work in an hour, really it astounds me how little my brain cares about my work schedule, and after prying open the roof of the bus bathroom to smoke spliffs, I text my manager that I will be 2 and ½ hrs late to work

when I get back to my seat, peter tells me he knew what I was doing in the bathroom, and I work on finishing this piece. feel free to do whatever you want with it, i tell lucy

OSCAR: 10:47 am: Bookin muttered 'philly was really nice' to seemingly no one in particular as we drove away from our airbnb

saw 2 trucks that said 'jesus is coming soon' in a row, must be a thing in new jersey

lucy said would be funny if he did come, like, what would he even do? would anyone know he was back?

we talk about how we both have facebook pages dedicated to hip-hop songs, and other things too, like how it's funny that what people need to drive is painted white lines

5:20 pm: bored in the car on the way from philly to northampton, still (it's 5/6hrs, which annoyingly took us back thru new york, but we couldn't stop, and many bridge tolls (fuck bridges and the finance trolls that run them, imho). We've decided to play a game where someone reads a tweet out and the other ppl have to guess who its author is, if nobody can guess first hint is number of retweets and faves, then reading a reply to the tweet if there are any, then describing an interaction that you've had with the person, etc

i am really good at it, the best

i have guessed all four people named so far (joshua jennifer espinoza, ashley obscura, tao lin, so sad today)

ok lucy got one (carmen brady)

nobody could get joseph parker okay (tweet abt dogs, i guessed roggenbuck)

lucy guessed a mira tweet about hummus on her arm, i said it was cheating b/c everybody knows she has that hummus tattoo, and that using 'prior knowledge' to win wasn't fair

i guessed one about IUDs, forget whose it was

everybody said zorko out loud at the same time because the tweet involved madison

lucy got elle nash, she thinks she is winning now, is deluded

i got another sosadtoday so am #backonmygame

lucy guessed darcie wilder thing abt listicles (i do not follow)

lucy got emma ensley

lucy got one by a. zachary about toronto, she is winning now i think, fml

bookin guessed one, forget who it was (he is driving so albeit at somewhat of a disadvantage)

lucy guessed carmen brady tweet about menstrual cycle (took forever tho, as many persons on twitter experience & talk about menstrual cycles)

bookin guessed a sad kimmy walters tweet about her alumni mag

i am losing my touch

lucy said alex manley but she'd already read the tweet as it was several days old, this definitely counts as cheating

game appears to be over now

NORTHAMPTON
CAROLINE'S HOUSE

CAROLINE RAYNER: i listened to "white houses" by vanessa carlton for the first time in forever the day after the reading at my house while driving home from laura's where a bunch of us ate grilled vegetables and mango with tajin after helping laura pack big furniture and i realized, yet again, that the line "i'm so excited i haven't spoken" captures everything about how i react to the world. especially the past few days.

when lucy & oscar & rachelle & bookin arrived at my house, i was listening to the dixie chicks' cover of "landslide" and chopping an essay into pieces i might be able to read. earlier i bought two six packs of narragansett and a bottle of red wine. also a new shower curtain. i baked a chocolate cake with vanilla buttercream icing, partially because i think it's nice to have cake at readings, and partially because i was so stressed when i woke up that i had to bake in order to calm down. i always get so nervous about hosting events or parties or anything. i worry about everything that could go wrong. like traffic. like no one showing up at all. like everyone having the worst time.

there is never a logical reason to worry about any of these things, yet it always happens.

i was wearing black pants and a crop top, and rachelle was wearing black pants and a crop top too. i also noticed rachelle putting on glossier cloud paint and boy brow, which i had put on as well. i forgot to mention it. anyway. sometimes it's fun to be twins.

my friend chris left a fidget spinner on my coffee table before flying to new mexico that morning. i told him to take it away but of course, he did not listen. it became a topic of conversation while lucy & oscar & rachelle & bookin were out getting snacks. if there is an emoji movie, then a fidget spinner movie has to be inevitable.

i opened a beer but poured myself a goblet of prosecco a few minutes later and continued to drink recklessly all night long. somehow i managed to remain effervescent and not terribly chaotic. i could have been a nightmare. i hope that phase of my life has ended. i mean the disaster phase.

RACHELLE: Momma calls and says she's on the Shabby Doll website and can't find any pictures of the tour so I talk her through setting up an Instagram account

CAROLINE: how is it possible to describe the reading? everyone was perfect. rachelle & bookin read "cocktail attire: an evening with karl ove knausgård" together for the first time and i have not been able to stop thinking about it. i just keep picturing myself right there with them, watching the evening unfold, and i keep repeating the name karl ove knausgård over and over in my head like an incantation. and hearing rachelle read "you up?" again was, of course, magical. i loved knowing that most of the people in my living room were experiencing it for the first time.

MATTHEW: I start to see the way Lucy and Oscar are becoming more in command of their own material by reading the same passages every night. They're really starting to stretch and walk around in their own words. I decide to focus and only read my story "Minimum Radish" throughout the rest of the tour.

The best moment of the night happens after Lucy briefly takes over hosting duties from Caroline to introduce her as the next reader. It's an epic introduction and breathlessly operatic and she's leaning a little too close to the top of the stairs the whole time. By the time Caroline moves to the front of the room to read, she's doubled over in joy. She reads from her chapbook and absolutely kills it. There are moments like this throughout the tour, where it feels like we're "all in this together" and the work sings because of it. I'm reminded of why I'm doing this in the first place.

CAROLINE: lucy introduced me before i read, because as the host, it would have been weird for me to introduce myself. she talked about reading my poems when i submitted to shabby doll house in 2015 and how we met completely randomly in boston the following year. i wanted to make a speech about how surreal the whole night felt and how shabby doll house saved my life. i mostly resisted.

but seriously. i wanted to write poetry for so long but thought i would never be able to gather the right tools. i thought i had nothing important to say. i thought i needed to filter my experience through layers of metaphor rooted in the history of poetry or whatever. i thought i was not smart enough. or clever enough. i thought i should have started years ago. that i would never be able to catch up.

so i moved to new york and tried to do journalism, even though i have no interest in linear narrative or objectivity. i wrote nothing. i got drunk. i cried all the time. i dated someone who made me feel voiceless. i became toxic.

then, one day, while curled in a ball on the floor of my bedroom, i read “notes” by stacey teague and “moving home” by meggie green, and i watched “there are a lot of yous in this poem and one of them is you” by jamie mortara. and suddenly i understood. i realized that i was enough. that i could write exactly how i felt in language that came naturally to me. existing in the world sucked a little bit less. because i was no longer alone.

it is only now dawning on me that i should have maybe recorded the reading. fuck. whatever.

i put on melodrama during the break.

i read a bunch of poems from calorie world on the roof in brooklyn, so this time i only read one, then a poem from peach, then part of an essay i wrote a couple months ago and have since been expanding and destroying and reworking. it used to be called “hell is my maximum,” which is a line from the passion according to g.h. by clarice lispector. now it’s called mimosa. i told everyone that mimosa trees have pink flowers that smell like oranges. i meant to say that katie crutchfield sings about mimosa trees in “rose, 1956,” which is one of my favorite songs on american weekend, an album that has influenced everything i’ve ever written. oh well. i felt like i dove underwater while reading. just felt totally elsewhere and absorbed. then coming up for air. it felt like one of my best. perhaps it had to do with all the wine.

MATTHEW: After the reading, Lucy narrates the entire history of American prohibition to two girls who stuck around. One of the girls is celebrating her birthday.

CAROLINE: we sort of agreed to meet up with a couple people at a house show around the corner, but mostly everyone wanted to stay in the living room and eat bread and cheese and drink more boxed wine. or at least i was perfectly happy doing that, and i am nearly certain that everyone else felt the same. it was a relief when we found out the show got shut down by the cops.

RACHELLE: Oscar broke a mason jar while brushing his teeth and cleaned up the entire mess with his toothbrush still in his mouth

LUCY: We all miss Theo.

DAY 5:

OSCAR: 11:34 a.m: Bookin said "I feel like I am losing all sense of time" while driving me to a brunch i had planned with an old professor/brunch-mate/improvised therapist from college who I haven't seen since leaving the area. Reading last night in an apartment in a quiet place was cool/different. I read from a kind of ~chillvibes~ short story which felt like a nice change from the intensity of reading out of my second book or tiredness of reading new poems that feel fun but a little derivative of my own poems from my first book.

MATTHEW: The next day, Caroline cooks us a delicious breakfast. I drive Oscar to a diner in the middle of nowhere so he can meet a professor he never took a class from.

CAROLINE: the next morning i roasted sweet potatoes and regular potatoes and made scrambled eggs and kale with garlic and toast and coffee. i rarely get to cook for anyone but myself, and i love making brunch, so this was a dream come true. lucy helped with the eggs and noticed that almond milk made them fluffier.

we sat around my coffee table and took pictures of the food from a variety of angles before eating. lucy mentioned that she imagined me having a pet tortoise and that she considered embroidering a bonnet for it. rachelle talked about the possibility of a literary gallery. i have not stopped thinking about this, because for about a year now, it has been my secret dream to open some kind of little bookstore or gallery situation. i imagine readings and zine workshops and embroidery parties. something to keep in mind. who knows.

RACHELLE: Caroline, Lucy, and I are all wearing black dresses but in a Destiny's Child way in that they're all slightly different

CAROLINE: perhaps we could arrange tortoise races around a pool in the backyard as well?

we decided to go swimming

i was quiet at the waterfall. i just could not believe that anything was real. that i was hanging out with four writers whose work i love so much and who are generally just the coolest & kindest & funniest people and that the sun was out but not terribly hot and that the water was cool and that somehow it was an ideal summer afternoon. i waded through the river with my phone in my right hand in order to take a picture of everyone on the rocks.

i have lived most of my life under the impression that i am weird and annoying and impossible. that i am too shy and too awkward and generally socially incapable. i still feel more at home in my head than out in the world, but i have learned to be less anxious and nervous and scared. over the past couple years i have been trying to resist disappearing, even though that is often my instinct. i have been working on showing up more and giving more and doing more. this particular day felt like a peak.

i just want to be a good person.

we ordered three pizzas from a bakery around the corner from my house. one pizza with pesto and lots of vegetables and one with mushrooms and a cream sauce and one margherita. oscar worked at that bakery when he lived in northampton. lucy suggested moving back here and he could get his job back. oscar said no. we carried the pizzas along with a twelve pack of modelo down to the dock by the pond. we ate as the sun went down.

lucy said it was "just another perfect summer night."

LUCY: I don't know why we started talking about it but for some reason, I started telling everyone about this thing I had written in 2009 called 'An Erotic Horror Novel.' I had written it for a friend and then we later stopped being friends and didn't talk for a long time, but when we finally did

reconnect 5 years later, she immediately told me, 'It's such weird timing that you would contact me now, I was literally just telling someone yesterday that your erotic horror novel was the funniest thing I have ever read.'

Everyone seems unconvinced/confused by this.

CAROLINE: back in my living room we drank more boxed wine. red this time. we listened to records. cerulean salt and introverted romance in our troubled minds and the monitor and what would the community think. i read tarot for rachelle & bookin & oscar. the future is filled with imagination & resilience & strength.

RACHELLE: Caroline is preparing to read our tarot and asks whether I want to know about my past/present/future or about what I'm gaining/leaving behind and I think again about Ne-Yo and Zadie and pick past/present/future because I don't want to know what I'm leaving behind

My past: eight of wands / "moment of creative shock"
My present: empress / "creativity, connecting with nature"
My future: the moon / "uncertainty, feeling of being unsettled, inaccessible but not in a negative way, journey deeper and deeper inward"

OSCAR, 9:34 PM: Caroline read my tarot for the first time. My cards looked really Dark & Dramatic, which seemed typical. But Caroline said that they looked worse than they were, and meant something like "coming to terms with/to accept the past," the present being "a moment of calm within the storm" and that "teamwork" was the key to the future.

LUCY: Lying in bed at 9:44pm while everyone else is in the living room talking and drinking red wine. i'm so tired but I need to write about the tour so far before more tour happens.

tomorrow we're going to drive to Montreal.

what do I want to say?

The two main things I'm realizing/remembering from doing this are:

1. I'm actually... good at writing and this is a thing I'm known for even though I had kind of forgotten about it, I think.

2. the people who are reading with us and who are coming to the readings are so great. so alive and considerate and beautiful.

okay actually, here's one more thing I am realizing and it sounds stupid, but going around seeing and meeting all these people who have been involved with shabby doll house, I realize or remember that we have actually had an impact on people's lives. that our encouragement of their work has given them confidence in what they were doing. and that because they had that confidence they've been able to go on and produce and achieve more things.

something about living by example. something about feeling affirmed by this experience. and that my life does make more sense than it often seems to.

I've been reading from this new chapbook thing called 'how to be a perfect bride' and it's gone really well so far. people have responded very positively, which is kind of a surprise I think. I felt like maybe I had written something crazy.

maybe I have.

I feel really proud of all the people I've seen over the past few days, living their real lives. Liz and Kristen and Jim and Sebastian and Caroline and Peter and Sarah Jean of course and Rachelle and Matthew and Oscar and everyone.

I'm excited to be back in Canada tomorrow. I haven't been back in two years.

I go back outside into the living room where everyone has been doing (?) tarot and Rachelle goes to lie down in the bedroom. Oscar asks Bookin about how Peach Magazine started and he starts telling a really detailed version of events.

RACHELLE: Lol everyone thinks I'm asleep ;-)

MATTHEW: I unravel the entire history of Peach Mag.

RACHELLE: I do too like dark things???

LUCY: At one point I walk past the room where Rachelle is supposedly sleeping and instead she's lying on the bed listening in. I'm about to say something to her when she puts her finger to her lips. I refill my wine glass and go back to the conversation trying to be as enthusiastic and positive as possible about everything, worried that Bookin will say something Rachelle doesn't agree with. He finishes the story and says nothing controversial. I go to bed.

OSCAR: 12:34 am: Rachelle and I are smoking on the stoop outside caroline's house laughing uncontrollably about all of the physically sort of mortifying things that have happened to (mostly me) so far in northampton, where I used to live but have not been in 5 years, since graduating from college – she trying to share something with me by sliding her phone across the floor & the phone crashing into my glass of wine and spilling it all over me, me knocking things over everywhere, dropping electronics from great heights, showering & breaking the toilet, dropping mason jars and smashing them, slipping down the steps of the porch, running around this town I used to live in to find emergency baguette and cheese, then running some more because in spite of telling myself I couldn't possibly do so I got lost and could not find my way back to Caroline's house… Caroline has been totally impassive & chill about it, a little to my surprise tbh as I thought she might be more, like, I think I had associated her a lot with a tweet of hers that went something like, "all I want to do is lie in bed & eat peaches & read the glass essay," and find her generally to seem very relatable or "like me" somehow, in the sense of liking being in her head & into expansive feeling, or something, but also like she might be a bit unwilling to deal with the physical world as a side effect of that (as I can tend to think of myself as being #toofragileforthisworld), but of course it turns out this was a silly thing to think & she is steely & chill which I guess in restrospect makes sense, in that it's not that she can't deal it's just that she doesn't give a shit, which I find impressive in a 'o she is the 'real thing" type of way.

Rachelle starts talking about how she overheard bookin tell the story of how Peach Mag got started while she was ostensibly asleep in the other room. She wanted to hear his version is why she didn't interrupt. I say I'm sure she has her version too and that I'd be interested to hear it at some point. She says, 'good.' We laugh more about perspective or something and I feel myself smiling vaguely out of a sense of mutual understanding & of accepting my place in the world.

CAROLINE: i talked about coming to montreal, but after thinking about it while sober, i realized that i needed time to chill and gather my thoughts and not see or speak to anyone for a few days. yet being home alone after so much time together felt strange. my living room looks empty without the peach goth banner. i wondered how we might be able to just hang out all the time, or if it would grow less cool and fun as a regular occurrence. i don't know. i'm going to buffalo on tuesday. i'm so incredibly excited to see everyone again.

my life will be wildly different this time next year. whenever someone asks me where i'll go, i change my mind. sometimes i say new york and sometimes los angeles and sometimes austin. my friend elizabeth just texted me to say that she predicts i will "do art stuff and get certified to teach yoga

and move to santa fe." maybe i will. i have no idea what will happen, but it feels like everything is already starting to change. something about reading and hanging out with four new friends for the better part of two days made me feel electric. like i'm on the edge of something big. i know it sounds hyperbolic, but maybe life will just be huge and insane and messy and filled with change for a while. it's cool. i can't wait.

DAY 6

OSCAR: 11:47 am: listening to a new yorker podcast during the 5 hr Northampton-Montreal drive, the person being interviewed by paul muldoon said 'i LOVE sonnets, but i have to watch myself, sometime i get too into rhyme, and it's all i can think in for a week.' I thought, 'same.' Then we switched podcasts.

MATTHEW: The drive to Montreal is much kinder.

LUCY: There are signs warning about MOOSE all over Vermont. I am desperate to see a MOOSE. But decide the whole thing must be a conspiracy as I see none.

OSCAR: Stopped in Burlington, Vermont, and walked around in the drizzle by Lake Champlain (where i couldn't stop humming the kanye line 'have you ever seen snakes on a plane' for some reason). Walked by a couple of stocky, vermont-bro looking boys who were holding hands, lucy & i agreed that it was cute/unexpected (although on closer inspection one did have a septum ring),. A drunk, bearded homeless man we passed further down the path said 'you two, you're doing it right, not them, god didn't make adam & -' blablabla etc., I said something like 'nAh dude' shaking my head & raising my voice a little & looking ahead of me, wrestling with a sudden, contradictory-feeling impulse to punch a homeless person in the face (as if I would even know how).

LUCY: Felt impressed when Oscar yelled 'Shut the Fuck up' at a homophobic drunk man. But ultimately disappointed in general, I guess. And then we wandered along in silence presumably both thinking things about our Privilege.

RACHELLE: Sped up in Vermont to get a photo of a car with a "VIBES" license plate

LUCY: I decide/realise/accept that The Reader will need to be pushed back a week and tell the rest of the group. We are all secretly writing things and I have no idea how much editing I am going to need to do. It will be impossible to have it all finished by Sunday.

MONTREAL
GAMMA LAUNCH

MATTHEW: We get in late and the roads keep shrinking. We find Ashley's apartment and it's raining a little. We don't have to get back into the car for a full 24 hours and that feels fucking awesome.

ASHLEY OPHEIM: The Peach Goth tour rolled into town, slightly lost, up my back balcony on Thursday. All of us (except Bookin) are vegetarians (yay), so we ventured out and got veggie poutines, three bottles of wine, and brought them back to my apartment to consume. We played with Pamuk the cat and took turns passing a fidget spinner around. I slept next to Rachelle in my bed (dreamy), Matthew slept on a make-shift bed in the Metatron office, with Oscar and Lucy in the living room on a spare mattress. It was a full-on adult slumber party.

OSCAR: Ashley asked what kind of music we wanted, something chill, like, uh, Beyoncé...? I said do you know the band Tops, she said lol yes jane is one of my best friends, I said oh right, realizing that might have something to do with, although was probably not the only reason, why I was aware of the band Tops in the first place. We put it on.

RACHELLE: High and high-fiving

ASHLEY: In the morning I realized the black lacy dress I wanted to wear was ripped and, upon Lucy's recommendation, sewed it with yellow thread.

MATTHEW: I camp out in the Metatron office and in the morning I sit on Ashley's balcony with her cat Pamuk. I drink black coffee and marvel at all the trees making a little forest around her apartment. Montreal is my favorite city of the tour.

ASHLEY: The Montreal portion of the tour was in tandem with the launching of GAMMA, a new space I've been working with and will be helping manage and curate things out of for the next while. There was an open bar (!) After the readings, an eccentric older woman with hand-painted boots and purse told me that all the readings were like "the new testament", which was incredibly funny to me. Rachelle was wearing a pink velour dress and space buns, and I crowned her the J.Lo of lit. Lucy had two copies of her book stolen, which was shitty, but also seemed rad in a rebellious kind of way.

RACHELLE: *Dress for the job you want*, I think as I put on pink velour

MATTHEW: The reading at GAMMA feels the most like an EVENT out of all the tour stops. There are multiple projections along the walls of us as we read. There's an open bar and the four of us run through several rounds of gin & tonics. It feels the most like being in the middle of "a scene," although I guess Brooklyn was a lot like that too, just more familiar. A mysterious woman aggressively approaches everyone after the reading, except for me. Some books are stolen, but we all seem vaguely excited about it.

RACHELLE: Glared at a man initially because I thought he was making fun of something called "girly sauce" but then kept glaring because he was making fun of garlic sauce

Titling my full-length *Girly Sauce*

Titling my full-length *Garlic Sauce*

OSCAR: 6:01pm: After the Montreal reading, once the electronic music and accompanying visuals had begun, a woman in yoga pants started leafing through our books, grabbed a copy of Lucy's and Rachelle's, and then very slowly and bug-eyed walked out of the space and down the street, past us as we tried to discreetly approach her to ask for money, but were left speechless as she just breezed right on by us, like an impassive tortoise, then turned around the corner and was never seen again.

ASHLEY: Most of us, aside from being writers, also run literary-based things that help nourish community and support a vast network of young writers, so it was special to connect with everyone on this level and to share stories. We talked about our successes and failures and uncertainties in regards to all our projects. It's so special when people from different cities and different walks of life can come together through writing, and continue to cultivate a culture of support.

OSCAR: (~7:30 pm) Selected excerpts from a twitter DM conversation with Peter Bd:

ur schedule exhausts me lol
hows montreal

my schedule exhausts me too
i want to take a nap for 7 years
montreal is fun

we had a midafternoon reading
now it has become 'the klub'
even tho it is 6:30 pm

we had our books out on the table
but had to put them away
bc ppl kept stealing them
lol

loll @ everything
especially it already being the klub at 630
of course ppl in montreal are secretly kleptos
typical yet also baffling

lucy k @LKShowbiz tweeted:
"an older woman complimented me on my reading by saying,
'if gabriel garcia marquez was here, he would have been
freaking out!'"
lol

lol yes
she is crazy
walking around w/ a bag for donations
and hand painted platform shoes

wow
montreal sounds like your best stop thus far

yes idk how to deal w it

when lucy asked
before her reading abt marriage
if anyone had been married before
the woman said ‘yes, four times’

lolll
im laughing so hard

lol, good

this is a pic of her:
[redacted for style reasons]
not a v good pic sry

lolll
how dare she

i cannot deal with this woman who doles
out compliments whilst also stealing
independent literature

haha
she just came up to me, bought my book
and told me we were rewriting the bible
in the style of garcia marquez
and then asked me to ghostwrite the story of her life
which involved being kidnapped by a
bolivian drug mogul and married to him

lol
you guys should write about this
a nice mini chap
that ppl can steal

MATTHEW: We wander off into the heart of the Montreal Jazz Festival and watch an entire performance by Kat Wright & the Indomitable Soul Band. They play a song called “The River” that you should check out. I’m serious.

OSCAR: We walk back in the dark from the jazz fest. We decide not to take a cab for some reason even though it is an hour long walk and we already walked an hour to the reading and then read. To distract ourselves, we start playing a game where you each say a species of fish until nobody can think of one anymore.

LUCY: Someone suggests playing a game and I propose ‘The Fish Game’, which I invented as a small child and played with my dad when I couldn’t sleep.

OSCAR: After two or three turns, Bookin can no longer seem to think of any fish. Someone says, ‘not a real mariner.’ We say we didn't realize we were hanging out with someone who knew so little about fish, like can we still be friends even?? He is Deeply Shamed.

DAY 8

OSCAR: 7:46am: Just sneezed toothpaste all over myself.

8:13 am: Got coffee & drove up Mont-Royal to go look out over the city. It was grey & rainy, we didn't stay too long. Time to drive to Toronto.

9:41 am: Passed an exit called '69th Avenue' on the 500km road from Montreal to Toronto. Nice.

RACHELLE: Lucy is saying, “How do people perform the same songs for twenty or thirty years,” to which Oscar responds, “They’re true performers”

10:04 am: Lucy announced, 'it's 10:04!' to the car. I said, 'say a prayer for ben lerner.' Lucy said, 'you mean make a wish?'

LUCY: I try to count how many times I’ve driven between Montreal and Toronto. I spend several hours surprised to remember things I’d forgotten from my life.

OSCAR: 12:31: Nobody can agree on what podcasts to listen to anymore. We settle on a neutral-seeming one about human/bear relations.

RACHELLE: Briefly stopped in Avril’s hometown

TORONTO
MAY

MATTHEW: We arrive at the reading space and it feels like there's no more time left.

LUCY: So far we've read on a roof, in a bookstore, in a warehouse, in a house, in a gallery and now we're in a bar.

Sort of seems like poor planning on our part to be in a place where you have to pay for drinks.

OSCAR: As Bookin was reading, a drunk man at the bar we're at, who seemed to be trying to be compete with Bookin, or something, said loudly, 'I'm the real McCoy.' Then, a little later, 'it's not fictitious.' Bookin seemed unphased.

LUCY: I feel awkward reading in front of my old friends who have shown up. I feel awkward that they're going to listen to Oscar's new work too. I generally feel awkward and annoyed that I feel awkward and for some reason I borrowed my friend's boots which, as soon as I leave her apartment, I decide definitely make me look like a gardner.

RACHELLE: Feeling burnt out on reading my own writing

LUCY: A friend I worked with in Toronto in 2010 arrives just before I read and it makes me try harder than I felt I could before. Doing so many readings is way more tiring than any of us expected. Well, it's not the readings, so much as the travel, so much as the constant socialising, so much as being faced with your own stupid stories every night. For the fifth time in a row, I read from my perfect bride book and feel like an insane person afterwards.

MATTHEW: Everyone seems punch-drunk at this point. We're all so down to burn through our individual "set-lists" that the entire event seems like a haggard, but well-rehearsed, stage show. We've figured this out and it feels good.

LUCY: Bookin and Rachelle are driving back to Buffalo. Oscar and I are staying in Toronto for a couple of days and will catch up with them there. Caroline is driving over to Buffalo too. All I want to do is stay in the bar and sing karaoke with the live band. I sign up for Heart of Glass and love every second of singing it. Sofia Banzhaf sings too and I keep looking over at her and her friends and thinking it'd be so much fun to move back to Toronto.

OSCAR: Sang "blister in the sun" by the Violent Femmes with a live karaoke band which seemed scary but was actually really fun (in spite of my thinking it was "kiss off" for a second). It felt easy (once you've read poetry-stuff on stage, you've sort of passed a point of no return of embarrassment that makes everything else seem like whatever) and I received some compliments on it. Generally felt that my karaoke performance was better than my poetry performance tonight. The karaoke band later followed me on instagram and I thought of messaging them to see if they wanted to start a band and doing that instead of writing.

RACHELLE: Wait so are we starting a band then

MATTHEW: Live band karaoke starts up. Rachelle and I drive back to Buffalo as fireworks open up the Toronto sky.

LUCY: Bookin and Rachelle leave and it's the first time we've been more than a few feet apart from each other for the first time in days. I message them, We miss you guys! And they message back, We miss you too.

RACHELLE: "Back on our bullshit," Bookin says as we cross the Peace Bridge back into the U.S.

THREE DAYS LATER

July 4th, Buffalo.
Cait's backyard

OSCAR: On a bus from Toronto to Buffalo after a (lovely) dinner with Sophia & Matt at his (lovely) house last night. Contemplating throwing up in the bus bathroom. Wondering if it was the sweet sparkling red wine, the mystery italian liqueur, or the kratom juice that did it.

Waiting at the border, feeling an urge to burn some american flags

CAROLINE: i told lucy & oscar that when i moved to massachusetts, i imagined my whole life becoming "white houses" by vanessa carlton. and perhaps it has a little bit. i mean i did literally crash on the floor when i moved in. but the truth is that tour has felt more like "white houses." just the first verse. when everyone is drinking and joking and falling in love and having a great time.

i also told lucy & oscar that everything i write lately feels completely insane, like i am constantly taking it too far and whenever i finish something i realize that i've said too much. and then i hit send.

what good is a diary if it isn't filled with feelings and secrets and the most tender realizations?

OSCAR: Rachelle picked us up from the bus stop. She is eating a peach in her living room now. Typical. She has two cats, a dark, witchy, fluffy one and a big, friendly, peanut butter and cream colored one. I like them both despite their obvious differences.

MATTHEW: The final reading is back in Buffalo on the 4th of July. The backyard is beautiful and there's barking dogs and intermittent fireworks. Everyone seems slightly refreshed. I try to bring everyone's attention to a platter of grilled vegetables and it works on my third try.

CAROLINE: we took a group picture before the reading. we looked like we were starring in a musical.

LUCY: I feel sick of reading from my dramatic, marriage book and I'm absolutely exhausted with being social. I keep asking nobody in particular, what the hell can I read from? And I feel like I can't remember ever having written anything fun. But this is a party reading. I want to do something silly.

CAROLINE: options on the chip table included pretzels and pickle chips. i had not eaten since that morning, so chips were a godsend. i poured myself a cup of sangria and drank it quickly through a festive straw, then immediately poured myself another, then began drinking budweiser.

leah told me all about living in highland park, which made me consider what it would be like to uproot my whole life and move to los angeles next summer. i have never felt cut out for life on the west coast. but perhaps that is what makes it perfect. who knows.

rachelle and i wore similar outfits again. black jumpsuits. close but not exactly matching. like we were members of destiny's child.

OSCAR: drunk & dipping potato chips into ketchup/mustard

LUCY: Bookin and Rachelle start the reading off by doing 'Cocktail Attire' for the second time of the tour. All the Buffalo references make a lot more sense here. I feel like these guys are famous in Buffalo. Oscar reads new, funny poems. He doesn't want to read from his dark book tonight.

OSCAR: While Rachelle was introducing everyone, I panicked knowing for some reason that Rachelle was immediately going to pick me as a reader after she and Bookin read from their joint

piece about going to dinner with Karl Ove Knausgaard [sp?]. I get Caroline to make a hotspot for me so I can emergency download a poem I want to read about Bongo, my dog. It is my finest work thus far and I want to end on a bang. Jk it is dumb af.

LUCY: Leah reads an amazing poem about free bleeding that I can't stop thinking about.

Rachelle hasn't told us what order we're reading in and so I'm waiting to be called up the whole night.

It gets to just me and Caroline left at the end and then she calls Caroline up.

CAROLINE: i made everyone wait a minute while i grabbed another beer before reading. i wish i had stood on the tree stump instead of sitting on it. i felt too tall in the moment, but the pictures would have been better. everyone laughed at the lines i hoped would be funny as well as at a few that i had no idea were funny. i don't really know how to be funny. at least not on purpose.

LUCY: I'm gearing myself up to do my thing while Caroline reads. I know that what I'm about to do is going to either be a hit or a total disaster and that basically it all depends on how confidently I can present the material.

In my introduction, I nervously joke that I'm about to ruin the entire tour.

MATTHEW: Lucy reads from her 2009 erotic horror novel and I laugh so hard that most of the experience is erased from my mind.

CAROLINE: i have never heard anything more thrilling or hilarious, and i pray that i will be able to read the whole thing at some point very soon.

LUCY: Feels like I slam dunked the reading tour.

Rachelle offers to serialize 'An Erotic Horror Novel' on Peach Mag and I seriously consider it for a moment.

I'm so happy we don't have to read any more.

OSCAR: I had brought a copy of 'new moon' (part of the 'twilight' series) that i found in a free pile outside a house in toronto this morning to the buffalo reading. I was planning on saying that i was going to read from my new novel, then opening that book, with my actual reading on my phone hidden inside. Then I completely forgot to make use of it. Now it is just sitting by itself in the grass, forgotten, an object of vague curiosity/bemusement.

Afterwards I eat veggie burgers and look at fireworks (loud) and it feels like the most american thing I have done in about 37 years. Seems like why this year of all years but never mind that this is pleasant.

CAROLINE: how can i return to my usual life? nothing is the same.

the world grew bigger and so did my heart.

i am trying so hard not to leave anything out. not really because i think everyone else needs to know the details of this tour, but because i don't want to forget.

i used to think that i wanted all of my friends to live within walking distance of my house, and of course it would be nice to see each other more often, but isn't it kind of wonderful to have lots of places you can sort of call home? isn't it kind of wonderful to know that bits of your heart live in so many corners of the world? when bookin left rachelle's on wednesday, he said see you soon. and when i said goodbye to lucy and oscar at the train station, they said see you soon. and it's sweet,

because realistically, who knows when any of us will see each other again. i certainly hope it's soon. i don't know for sure. but what i do know is that we will definitely see each other again.

at the very least, next summer? peach goth 2? west coast? the south?

RACHELLE: Next year Peach Goth Tour will be preceded by Peach Goth Summer Camp

LUCY: Nothing was the same...

MATTHEW: The Peach Goth Tour banner sways gently in the breeze and the sun sets and we all go on with our lives.

OSCAR: had dreams about having to do another secret reading last night, aaaaaaah !!!

THE END

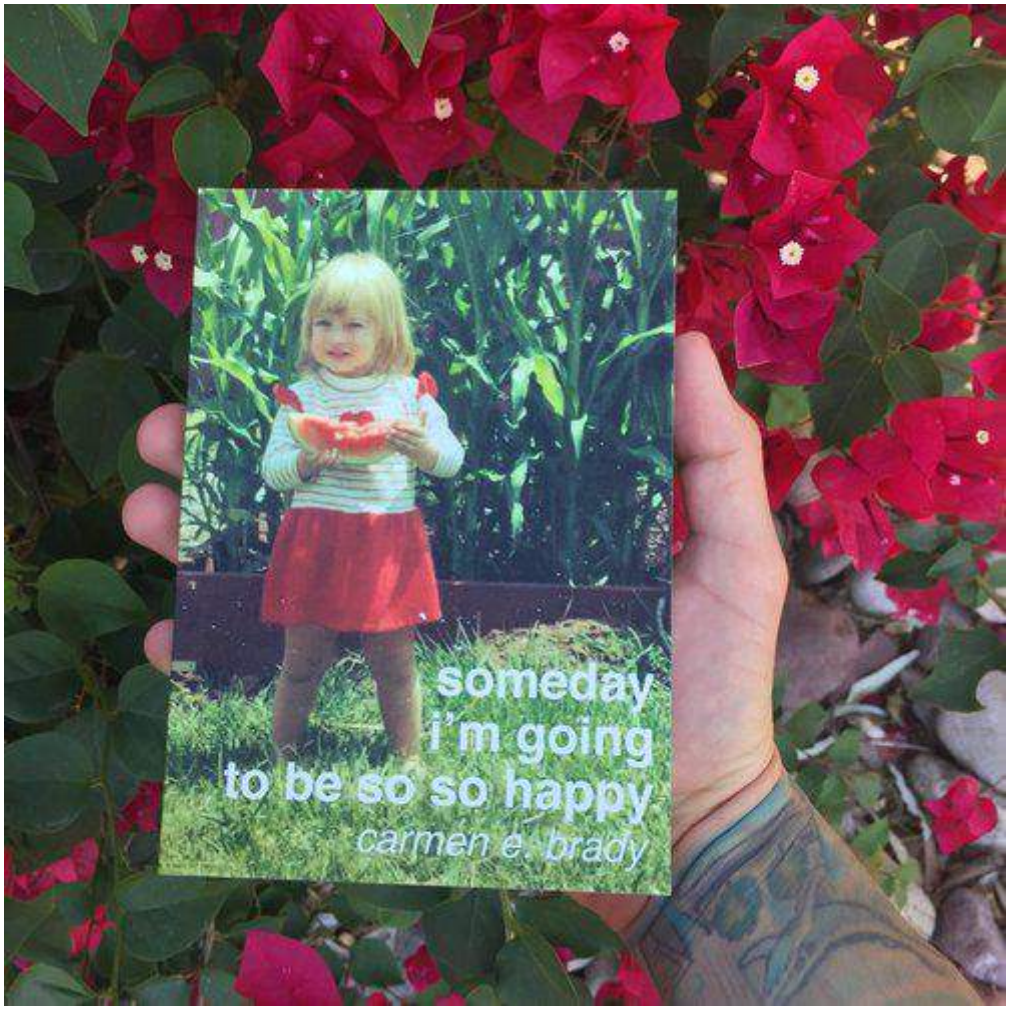
*

The winner of

some day i'm going to be so so happy

by carmen brady

from the last issue is....



kamilla löfström

<3

This month,
we're giving away a copy of
THE BUSHWICK REVIEW, IIV

edited by Kristen Felicetti and featuring work by Sarah Jean Alexander, Oscar d'Artois, Adam J Kurtz & more.

For a chance to win, just email,
BUSHWICK
to shabbydollsubmissions@gmail.com

That's all for this month!

Thank you so much for reading, as always!!

We'll be back on **August 6th**

Don't forget to join
The Shabby Doll Readers facebook group,
if you want to!

And if there's anything you'd like to see covered in The Reader, please email:
shabbydollsubmissions@gmail.com
and let's talk!

:)

Please enjoy the rest of July!